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WEDNESDAY, MAY 18, 1910.

The Tail of the Comet.

This evening we shall brush through the tail of Halley's comet. For months the scientific world, keenly curious, has looked forward to this event and discussed it. And now, for the first time in most of our lives, we are going to enjoy a sort of close communion with one of those most mysterious and baffling of all celestial wanderers.

However, to the best of our knowledge and belief there is no reason whatever to be afraid. We shall pass right through the comet's tail as if nothing out of the ordinary were going on. This tail is an elusive, indefinite sort of thing, anyway. It is thin and gaseous—as much so, indeed, as the average standpatter's high tariff argument. It is from 20,000,000 to 40,000,000 miles long—as long, therefore, as the average standpatter's tale of woe in Iowa nowadays. But it is harmless—which is not particularly like a standpatter anywhere, unless it be one in the next Congress of the United States.

Our principal reason for thinking nothing untoward will happen as we brush through the tail of the comet this evening is that nothing grand, gloomy, or peculiar ever has happened in like circumstances before, so far as we have been able to ascertain. It is true that Halley's comet does not honor us with a tap of its tail every time it comes hither. Sometimes its tail swings far out to starboard, and the earth is vouchsafed nothing more than a beautiful and dazzling vision. This trip, however, we are to make a hit with Halley's comet, but it will not be hurtful.

In discussing the matter, Dr. D. J. McHugh, of Depauw University, says:

"There will be no collision of the earth and comet, nor will the earth be enveloped in poisonous gases. The effect of the passage may be to cause great condensation of atmospheric vapors, so that automatically the earth will be provided with a sort of shield which will act like a lead screen used to protect X-ray operators. There can be but little doubt that the tail of the celestial visitor, being some 5,000,000 miles wide, will sweep over the earth, but we will not even feel it. None of the gases of the comet will come closer than, say, forty-five miles to the earth's surface. At that distance the earth's atmosphere is much more dense than the tail of the comet. Friction with the atmosphere would destroy it at that altitude. As for cyanogen gas, that is mostly around the head of the comet, although the sun's repulsion and the speed of the heavenly traveler may have forced some of it into the tail."

Therefore, gentle reader, cheer up; sit up and take notice as we pass through the comet's tail this evening. The experience will be novel, but neither unpleasant nor physically impressive.

An Insubordinate Army?

The Secretary of War is described as giving his attention to what must be recognized as an extraordinary state of affairs in the military establishment. It is reported that two or three regiments have furnished such examples of lack of discipline in the way of internal dissension as to require special consideration on the part of the army authorities in Washington. One or two courts-martial have been ordered, or steps have been taken for their convention, while several other courts are in contemplation or have been recommended. The report of such a situation is as incredible as the situation itself, if it exists, is intolerable. It ought not to be much of a problem, in the end, for the Secretary of War, with all his machinery of counsel and guidance, to deal with the question in a conclusive fashion. Insubordination should be one of the simplest of problems, requiring no astute disposition of political complexities or avoidance of those phases of official action which bear relation to an approaching Congressional election.

It is something to give the military authorities more than passing concern, however, when lack of discipline in regimental commands has assumed the proportions requiring the application of the administrative functions of the War Department. It would be interesting to know in what form and to what extent this alleged insubordination and disruption of the rules of obedience have occurred to do their damage. It should be no difficult task to ascertain the causes of, and to establish the responsibility for, this very unmilitary condition. We imagine the War Department possesses the means of ascertainment, and it ought to be a part of the correction of the defect to locate and remove its cause. When it comes to a remedy, the Secretary of War has complete power in a way which shall restore the army to its subordinate estate and adequately punish those who have caused the disturbance. If the situation has developed into such dimensions as to require drastic disciplinary measures, it may be fair to assume that the War Department has not encouraged army discipline and punished infractions of it in the way which should be expected of those in higher command.

The menace of a situation such as has been described as existing in some parts of the army is that it gives the erroneous impression that the military establishment is deteriorating, and that the rules of conduct and the practices of administration are ignored to an extent that would, were such the case, seriously affect the efficiency of the military body. There may be examples of insubordination, as there are doubtless instances of personnel inefficiency and unfitness, but they cannot exist in any such way as to interfere with or imperil the preparedness of the army for war. A careless colonel may allow the bickerings and naggings of his junior officers to grow into regimental discord, and if that occurs, it should be no hard task to suppress the rebellious spirits. With a regimental commander who is not prompt to detect and to stop trouble among the officers of his command, insubordination becomes a contagion that can easily and quickly render a regiment well-nigh useless. It is hardly likely that the Secretary of War will have much trouble in bringing order out of chaos wherever he may find it.

Proper Age to Marry.

French statistics are creating havoc with our preconceived notions regarding the proper age at which a woman is supposed to be seeking a husband. Figures recently published show that the widows who are bereft before the age of twenty or after the age of thirty are as desirous of another husband as are the demoiselles for their first one. But between the ages of twenty and thirty this desire for another life-mate seems to be lacking.

Just what is responsible for this state of affairs cold facts and figures fail to show. It is not a question of mathematics, but of heart pulsations, and as yet no machine or instrument has been invented which can keep account of Cupid and his wiles. It is needless to go deeply into these figures, but it is possible that between the ages of twenty and thirty the widow is so charming and so attractive that her suitors are so numerous that she is unable to decide which one to favor. Then, again, it is possible that she is content with her station, whereas previous to twenty she is so young as to feel the necessity for some protector; while after the age of thirty she is eager to wed lest she be left without a life companion owing to her advancing years.

The French divorced man does not appear to be as disillusioned as might be imagined, says Dr. Jacques Bertillon. But it is difficult to get correct figures regarding the divorces in France, owing to the fact that they are reluctant to admit such a condition in their lives. Nevertheless, once married seems only to be an incentive for another plunge into the maelstrom.

Dr. Bertillon next turns to the Swiss statistics. Here he finds that women remain in widowhood much oftener than do the men, but not nearly so much as French widows. He also finds in the divorced persons of both sexes an eagerness to marry that is almost surprising. Those who have tasted of marriage seem not to fear a second experience. The regret at the separation of the divorce court is not so deep or so lasting but that they hasten to find another partner. Once bitten, twice shy, does not hold true among the French and Swiss divorcees.

Spies.

We are indeed in the presence of the alarms of war when it is found necessary to seek legislation which shall offer some sort of protection against spies. Senator Clark, of Wyoming, has introduced a bill providing a penalty of $500, or imprisonment for not more than six months, or both, in the case of any person who is found upon any military or naval reservation, army post, fort, arsenal, navy yard, or naval station for any purpose prohibited by law or military or naval regulation. Every now and then the newspapers contain some reports of the discovery of a spy, generally of Japanese nativity, who is observed in the suspicious attitude of drawing maps or taking snapshots with a camera. It appears that these intruders may not be punished. It is one of the inadequacies of the law that a suspicious character may wander over a military or naval reservation and suffer no other calamity than being ordered away or, perhaps, ignominiously escorted outside the boundary by a more or less formidable guard.

It is evidently necessary to have some means by which these spies and trespassers may be punished, if they are caught. Under the terms of the proposed legislation, it is not necessary to prove them as such, for that would obviously be a very difficult task. The bill is so framed that it applies to "whoever shall go upon any * * * reservation," &c. It is a question whether the prohibition and the attendant punishment will be sufficient. The common acceptation of a spy is probably justified in regarding him as a wily individual, who is capable of all sort of skillful deception, and who is incapable of advertising his presence by ostentatious making of records or conspicuous acts of observation. It would, indeed, be a crude sort of governmental secret agent whose mission was of the unfriendly sort of obtaining military information by devious methods, and who should go to a fort or a navy yard under conditions which enabled the officials to identify him. A law which punishes trespassers will serve to make them all the more careful. They are probably sufficiently so now, if it is really worth while for a foreign government to employ these agents.

So far as this government is concerned, the facilities of obtaining information are quite unrestricted, as compared with the habits of other countries. The military and naval attaches are accorded every reasonable opportunity to know what is going on. The departmental reports are copious and candid. The Congressional documents relating to military-naval subjects are equally communicative. The public debates in the House and Senate sometimes contain illuminating disclosures. A duly accredited representative of a foreign government can get pretty much all that he wants openly and without resort to the "sculduggery" of the spy. If there is any occasion to employ secret means of observation, it must be, therefore, largely from the love of adventure and the impression that information acquired by the spy system is more useful than that which very often may be obtained from public documents and a casual visit to the War and Navy departments.

"A vocabulary of from 800 to 1,000 words is sufficient for the majority of men," says a writer. And there is no special call to work even that to death.

"A Spanish astronomer has discovered that the tail of the comet grew from 23,612,000 to 45,981,00 miles over night," notes the Baltimore Sun. It would take a pretty tall fish tale to grow faster than that over night.

The price of doughnuts has gone up also. Still, we cannot see any particular peril in light-weight doughnuts.

"A legislative candidate in Berks County calls Roosevelt a bluff," says the Allentown Call. Oh, well; he need not worry about that. A bluff that gets by is as good as a straight flush, anyway!

"The Kaiser has learned the virtue of repression," notes a current magazine. The Kaiser, more likely, has made a virtue of necessity.

"The ultimate consumer is ordinarily harmless," says the Birmingham Age-Herald. Some of the big trusts appear to consider him extraordinarily so, indeed.

"Gov. Gillett says he has no right to assume that the Jeffries-Johnson encounter is going to be a prize fight," observes the Springfield Union. Hope the governor does not imagine it is going to be a Sunday school picnic.

A Nebraska horse ate a woman's hat the other day. If that horse were a man, we fear his tastes would run to porterhouse steaks with mushroom trimmings exclusively.

Mr. Alfred Austin is rendering his country a fine and patriotic service nowadays, whether he realizes it or not. His unnecessary and often actually ridiculous office probably will be abolished when he passes to the beyond.

Sit steady in the boat to-day, good people! Here we go—right through the old comet's blooming tail!

A Seattle man fasted thirty-nine days to cure his dyspepsia, and it cured him most effectively and completely of breathing.

A Gaynor Presidential boom has been started in New York. Mr. Hearst sailed for Europe the other day, however, and will be able to establish an alibi.

Hades proper may be "full of politicians," as Dr. Parkhurst says, but we have an idea that there is a fine, large annex handy for some live ones that it may be necessary to place later along.

New York subway cars are being provided with germless "straps." That is nothing but fair. If the strap-hanger is required to pay full fare, he is entitled, at least, to the exclusive use of his strap.

Living is said to be more expensive in Sweden than anywhere else on earth. We doubt whether it is worth the extra money, moreover.

"Doubt is expressed as to what the 'long and short haul' amendment means," says the Pittsburg Post. Certainly. It would hardly have passed otherwise.

A college professor claims to have perfected a scheme whereby any woman's mind may be read. The professor will not guarantee, of course, however, that the woman will not change her mind before the reading is finished.

On account of the clever "exposure" of Eusapia Palladino by Prof. Hugo Muensterberg, the fair Eusapia has raised her rates for seances. It was a good ad, evidently.

The colonel is now a Ph. D. of one of those Scandinavian universities. This entitles Dr. Cook to address him as "comrade," or something.

CHAT OF THE FORUM.

Biding His Time.

From the Baltimore Sun.

But until the Presidency gets a good deal nearer, Judge Crothers will keep right on being governor.

Prefers Ancient Jokes.

From the Birmingham Age-Herald.

The President likes old jokes the best. This is why he courts Chauncey Depew and Congressmen in general. He knows where to find what he wants.

Relieves the Mind.

From the Philadelphia Public Ledger.

Not unnaturally Representatives rush from the House to any prevalent ball game. It gives them a chance to say to the umpire the things they would like to say to Cannon.

Hardly That.

From the Louisville Courier-Journal.

The press of America will hardly be accused of a lack of modesty if it strikes the attitude of one expecting deafening applause. Mr. Payne, of New York, has condemned it in a lump.

Troublesome Friends.

From the Houston Post.

It is said the friends of ex-Gov. Folk are going to launch his boom for the Presidency next month. It is fine to have friends, but it would be still finer if there were not so many fools among them.

Name Enough for Two.

From the Louisville Times.

The rosy rumor that Capt. Archibald Willingham de Graffenreid Butt has asked some fair one to share his name, though unconfirmed, directs attention to the fact that the captain has a name easily enough for two.

THE FOLLOW-UP-E-E.

Oh, I am the Follow-up-ee—
The fellow who gets er'ry letter
From folks who have something that's better
They're anxious to sell unto me.
'Twere useless to fly or to flee—
I know that the letters would find me;
Wherever I journey I see
Processions of letters behind me.

I've moved, but the letters were there—
(I'm sure there is some one who tattles)—
While the van was unloading my chattels
The carrier stood on the stair
Piled high with my regular share
Of purple and blue imitations
Describing some wonderful ware,
With suitable recommendations.

John Jones, who has autos to sell,
A letter a week would allot me.
He wrote me, and wrote me—and got me,
He writes so exceedingly well
He got me at last 'neath the spell.
I struggled and struggled and fought it,
I struggled and struggled—and fell;
I read what he said—and I bought it.

But the sure-enough "follow-up" man
Who's labored the hardest to reach me
Is the one who is willing to teach me
To master a "follow-up" plan.
He tells me just how he began,
And says, if I only will try it,
He'll prove how an article can
Be boosted so millions will buy it.

Let me say, as a Follow-up-ee,
The tip that I really am needing
Is not any scheme for succeeding
With form letters 1, 2, and 3.
The thing that's attractive to me
Is not any "follow-up" system;
The plan that I'm seeking, you see,
Is some kind of way to resist 'em!

—Douglas Malloch, in Puck.

A LITTLE NONSENSE.

THE ATTRACTIVE ADS.

With magazine before the fire
I sit and nod,
And dream of how I may acquire
A goodly wad.

The "ads" get muddled in my mind
As well they may.
And, as I dream, the same I find
In queer array.

I dream of planting Plymouth Rocks
Three feet apart;
I dream of growing mighty flocks
From such a start.

I dream of hatching early peas
Beneath a hen;
And raising many broods of these
Within a pen.

The "ads" get mixed, it comes to pass.
I sit and nod,
And in my dreams I soon amass
A goodly wad.

Way of the World.

"Everybody is glad to listen to a rich man's troubles."

"Sure thing. He could issue a catalogue if he cared."

And So On.

"This is a reversible musical comedy. Saves scene shifting."

"As to how?"

"Well, on Monday night the final curtain drops on Act III. On Tuesday night we work backward, giving the third act first."

For Instance.

A bard with naught to write about
But seldom whines.
He finds it well enough to write
About four lines.

Too Much.

"The doctor prescribes close attention to business."

"Why is that?"

"He says I positively must have some relaxation from this baseball strain."

Innuendo.

"I have no luck," complained Mrs. De Style, "at bridge. I seldom win."

"It is a poor game," responded her rival, "if one has to depend entirely upon luck."

A Question.

"My husband says he always does better work when he thinks of me."

"Does that apply when he's beating rugs?"

HALLEY'S COMET TO-DAY.

No Danger Threatens Earth from "Tail" of Diffused Sunlight.

From Collier's.

When Halley's comet, on May 18, passes between the earth and sun, and the earth, during the time the comet is transmitting the sun's disk, is swept by the celestial searchlight, there will be no danger to the earth from the "tail" of diffused sunlight, but there may be danger from the focal point as it sweeps across rays of sunlight which it condenses.

The gaseous head of the comet, anywhere from twelve to twenty times the size of the earth, acting as a great lens, must bring to a focal point somewhere in space, the rays of sunlight which it condenses.

If this focal point should reach the earth's surface, it would sweep a path of fiery destruction along the zone it traveled. Yet, as the comet and earth are moving in opposite directions and the earth's speed is, roughly, 66,000 miles an hour, that of the comet being about 90,000 miles an hour, the time of passage of this focal point over the earth's surface could not be more than six hours nor cover more than 90 degrees of longitude, or a distance of one-quarter of the earth's circumference.

Fortunately there are few centers of population in the zone traversed. Mexico City and Bombay, India, are almost in line, but the only heavily inhabited regions are those of India, Siam, Annam, Luzon, and Hawaii. This does not mean that any of these places are to be destroyed by the flaming focal point of the comet. Far from it. The comet would have to be many times its present size, much nearer the earth, and of greater density, to be able to condense sunlight in the manner in which, by using a lens of glass, the focalized rays of sunlight may be made to volatilize metals.

From the rays of sunlight forming the tail of the comet there is no danger to the earth. The only effect of these, as light, will be to cause an extra brilliant day or light night. But in the extra rays of invisible solar force, transmitted to the earth by the comet, may be a cause for earth tremors, storms, and other phenomena.

The passage of every comet between the earth and sun is always accompanied by such disturbances.

If we compare the solar system to a watch, of which the sun is the mainspring and the planets the works, it is quite evident that any abnormal body entering this solar watch would be bound to disturb its regular motion, and this disturbance would depend solely on the size and density of the abnormal body. The comparison is crude, since it refers only to motion, and it is a well-established fact that comets have no effect on the motion of the earth on its axis or orbit.

Ordinarily, the earth receives only an infinitesimal amount of the energy radiated from the sun, but if between the sun and earth is interposed a rapidly moving sphere of gas, acting as a lens, and capable of focusing extra solar force on it, it is quite evident that the earth must adjust itself to absorb this extra force in some manner. The atmospheric vapors may do it by condensing into clouds, haze, or fog, thus shielding the earth from the extra light rays; but if the invisible solar force rays pass through the earth as X-rays through opaque substances, the only adjustment possible to the earth is a rearrangement of its molecular parts equaling in energy the extra solar energy in which the earth is temporarily bathed. Thus come earth tremors and quakes, auroras, disturbances of the atmospheric shell resulting is storms, fogs, strong winds, magnetic and electrical disturbances, and an unusually sensitive chemical condition in which potentially explosive compounds, having their slight stability upset, blow up without apparent cause.

Theory and Practice.

From the Baltimore American.

"Don't you believe the husband is the head of the house, and should have the final say?"

"Certainly I do."

"Then why don't you come out in the open and say so?"

"Because my wife won't let me."

JOURNALISM OF TO-DAY.

A Profession Without a Code of Ethics, Says Editor Watterson.

Remarks of Henry Watterson, banquet of the Associated Press of Canada, Toronto, May 17, 1910.

There is more written and said, and less thought, about the profession of journalism in which we are engaged and to which we have dedicated our lives than about any other topic of familiar discussion.

I assume it to be a profession. Yet it is without any code of ethics or system of self-restraint and self-respect. It has no sure standards either of work or duty. Its intellectual landscapes are anonymous, its moral destinations confused, if not impalpable. The country doctor, the village lawyer, knows his place and keeps it; is held by certain obligations and inspired by certain traditions; modest and holding within bounds, though he may be learned and skillful, having the consciousness of superiority. The journalist, be he of city or town, has few if any mental perspectives to fix his professional horizon, no canon laws to guide his wayward footsteps, neither chart of precedent nor map of discovery upon which his sailing lines and travel lines have been distinctly marked. He is a law unto himself, too often a free lance, only the more self-assertive because he lacks assured position and is without authority.

There are those who even profess to disdain the name of journalist while proclaiming the power of the press. The affectation of infallibility, assumed by the more pretentious to hide the sense of insufficiency if not of inferiority, communicates itself to the obscure and imitative, sometimes degenerating into foolish and childish bombast. According to a once received opinion, anybody could keep a hotel and edit a newspaper. Our reading, like our victuals, was ill-dressed; the point-of-view, like the bill-of-fare, wanting discrimination and variety, with frequent changes of editor and landlord. I agree that we have reformed this measurably; though the newspapers have scarcely made as great progress as the hotels. They are yet what Dr. Rush called them, "vehicles of disjointed thought," carrying the curse of Reuben, "unstable as water thou shalt not excel." There seems continuity nowhere. The panegyrist of yesterday becomes the critic of to-day, the assailant of to-morrow; and, as the average purveyor for the press measures his words no more than the average dairyman the water he puts into his milk, newspaper lucubration decreases in importance in the proportion that it increases in carelessness, the space writer having his daily grind to do, and pursuing lines of least resistance, not always in his worry and hurry heedful of justice and accuracy. As I am myself an old offender and have in my career perpetrated all the sins I enumerate, let me at one and the same time serve my warrant and crave your pardon.

The press everywhere, in England and in America, even in Germany and in France, where the personal equation still sets the pace, has deteriorated in weight, while elaborating its methods and augmenting its enterprise; has, as we would say in Kentucky, lost in bottom what it may have gained in heels. We hear it said that it gives the public what it wants. Taking that public as its own creation, it has either overeducated it or undercut itself. But it seems to me that this is an incident of a period of transition. The old order of personal journalism, with its ideas of individual accountability, often mere egotism and vanity, has passed away. The new order of impersonal journalism, with its ideas of commercial honor and of public obligation, has not quite adjusted itself to its enlarged habitation and richer apparel. It is, to take another illustration from my beloved Bluegrass country, as a thoroughbred yearling, that feels his oats and kicks and bites his trainer, yet has the sure making of a Derby winner.

We hear a deal about yellow journalism. It is much like the pot calling the kettle black. Offenses against decency are more or less relative and qualified. More and more will newspaper owners and makers discover that integrity and cleanliness pay the best dividends. The scandal-monger will in time be relegated to the category of the unprosperous as well as the disreputable, and the detective be driven out of the newspaper service, where he should have no place, to the company of the police, where he alone belongs. We can as little expect that each newspaper worker shall be a gentleman as that each lawyer and each doctor shall be a gentleman; but manly conduct and aspiration should fix the rule, the brutal and vulgar the exception, the journalistic brand no less accepted and honorable than that of physic, divinity, and jurisprudence.

The newspaper is the history of yesterday. It is made to sell, assuredly; but it is not a commodity, like dry goods, pork and beans, hardware and cutlery. It may not care to have any opinions, but in case it does, it should seek and aim to be a keeper of the public conscience, an example and counselor, not a corner groceryman; level of head and kindly of heart, upright and elevated, always sincere and truthful, avoiding, as it would avoid pestilence and famine, the character of a common scold.

The leading editorial whose disappearance is predicted and whose decline is obvious, has suffered most by the transition process from the personal to the impersonal. There was exhilaration in pistols and coffee. The duello was more interesting and less expensive than the libel suit. The good old times of gunplay are alas no more. If a gentleman nowadays shoots another gentleman they call it murder. Most of us have to work for a living, and some of us even to be trained to it. I do not wonder that the wooden nutmeg affair in big type, when for the most part defaces the editorial page, as it is called, having nobody behind it, and neither continuity of purpose nor the spirit of intellectual rectitude and accountability, has fallen into discredit. It might as well be dispensed with. It is no longer an effective nor an engaging arm of the service. But the rationale of the day's doings rendered with good sense and in good faith, by a self-respecting, conscientious writer, will always command attention and be worth its space; and, as this is done with power or charm will it rank in drawing and selling quality with the news features. Success may be attained without it; but not distinction and influence. It is as a cornice to an edifice. It gives style, an air of completeness, and attracts attention, which, after all, is the kernel of advertising, at once the source and resource, the buttress and the bell-tower, of newspaper enterprise and achievement. But it must be absolutely disinterested and genuine, recognized, no matter how mistaken as honest, not to be bought by patronage, nor bullied because cowardly and afraid.

The single apprehension which has sometimes crossed my fancy touching the modern newspaper has been that it is, by its indifference to personal sensibilities and its invasions of private life incident to the mad rush of news, detaching itself from the affections of the people; but I am an optimist, not a pessimist, and I live in the hope that, finding out the error of educating its public to the lower standards, it will turn about and create a higher order, where good will and good taste are presiding deities, resembling those in days and lands of fable of which we are told that "the gods loved all that spake the truth and lived clean, nor ever forgot to take care of their own."

In a word, I do not think the newspaper should consider itself as a public prosecutor; rather the personal representative, friend, and neighbor of good men and good women, pouring in upon the community the sunshine of Heaven, not kindling and stirring the fires of hell; its aim and end, first, last and all the time, to enlighten and to brighten, to radiate and to warm, not to embitter, to browbeat and to dazzle.

Champ Clark's Leadership.

New York American editorial.

It grates unpleasantly on ears Democratic, independent, or otherwise, to hear of captious opposition to Champ Clark for Speaker in case the Democrats carry the Congressional elections in November. Measured by courage, candor, and fidelity, there is not a man in the Democratic ranks who will deserve better things of a triumphant Democracy than the present minority leader of the House of Representatives. Stalwart and unflinching, stout of heart and firm of faith, the gallant Missourian has held the helm through all the floundering of the Democratic ship through heavy seas. No man ever heard him utter a note of discouragement, and his voice has rung clarion clear in defiance to party enemies and in inspiration to party friends through the darkest days of the decade behind him. His character has been a shield and his loyalty a buckler to his beleaguered camp when qualities like his were under obscuration everywhere. It would be not less unwise than ungrateful for the Democracy in its hour of triumph to turn its back upon the leader whose high, brave spirit has been its excellent asset in adversity.

He Knew Right Off.

From the Boston Transcript.

Mrs. Hardup (pausing in her writing)—"What is that word for people who come after us?"

Hardup—"Bill collectors, my dear."

TO-DAY IN HISTORY.

Napoleon Decreed Emperor—May 18.

No career in history, perhaps, is so remarkable as that of Napoleon Bonaparte. The son of a poor Corsican gentleman, he became lieutenant of artillery at sixteen; at twenty-six, commander-in-chief of the army of Italy, and at thirty, first consul of France. Finally, at the age of thirty-five, he assumed the title of Emperor.

As Napoleon later confessed, he had always intended to found a dynasty. "Events," says his biographer, Rose, "bore him along on a favoring tide. Hatred of England, fear of Jacobin excesses, indignation at the royalist schemes against his life helped on the establishment of the empire." From all parts of France appeals and petitions for hereditary rule poured in, and on May 18, 1804, after the tribunate, with the sole exception of Carnot, had voted for the empire, a senatus consultum decreed him "Emperor of France."

Thus, twenty years after he had entered the Ecole Militaire in Paris as the charity pupil of King Louis, Napoleon was addressed as "Sire" and hailed the successor of Charlemagne. Better still, an almost unanimous vote of the nation proved him a soverign of the people's choice.

The pageants which followed this event are among the most imposing in history. In the summer of 1804 a magnificent military fete took place at Boulogne, on the shores of the English Channel. Seated in the chair of Dagobert, in the presence of 60,000 troops, and in sight of the hostile English fleet, Napoleon handed decorations from the helmet of Bayard to the veterans of Italy and Egypt. In December of the same year he was anointed Emperor by Pius VII in the Cathedral of Notre Dame. When the aged Pope was about to present the crown, called the crown of Charlemagne, Napoleon seized it and facing the vast audience placed it on his own head. Four months later at Milan he likewise crowned himself King of Italy with the historic iron crown of the Lombards, crying as he took it, "God gives it to me! Beware who touches it!"

These events occurred barely eleven years after the Reign of Terror, and the same Paris that witnessed the execution of Louis XVI cheered when Napoleon passed in procession to Notre Dame. Yet though the mass of the French people welcomed the empire, a few stern republicans and Jacobins held back. On the night before Napoleon's coronation the walls of Paris were adorned with posters announcing: "The last representation of the French revolution, for the benefit of a poor Corsican family."

When Beethoven, the great German composer, who had inscribed his Sinfonia Eroica, "Beethoven to Bonaparte," heard that his former hero had taken the imperial crown he tore off the dedication with a volley of curses and in later years rededicated the work "to the memory of a great man."

May 18 is the date of the famous Mischianza in Philadelphia, the celebrated entertainment given in honor of the British officers in 1778; of the siege of Vicksburg, Miss., in 1863, and the opening of the international peace conference at The Hague in 1899. It is the birthday of Ethan A. Hitchcock, the Mexican war general (1802); Sheldon Jackson, the noted missionary (1834), and of Prof. John Wilson, "Christopher North," the author, in 1785. It is the day on which Pierre Marquette died in 1675.

AT THE HOTELS.

Dr. Ira M. Price, of the Chicago University, who is here for the Sunday school convention, is at the Arlington. Dr. Price is professor of Semitic languages at the Chicago institution, and is deeply interested in the preparation of the Sunday school lessons, which, he says, are used by over 20,000,000 people.

"Don't you think that the will of George Washington should be observed in erecting and organizing in this city a great national university?" he was asked.

"I do; but not because it is the will of Washington. We have drifted away to a great degree from the principles of the founders, and it is probably right that we did. In their days, things were different from to-day, and we must keep step with the times."

"What is your opinion of Roosevelt?"

"Roosevelt is a characteristic American, patriotic, courageous, and honest. The addresses he made in Europe and elsewhere were to the point."

"One of the many familiar sounds of the woods is the rattling bark of the red squirrel," said Charles S. Dempster, of Minneapolis, Minn., at the New Willard, last night, in speaking of the Washington park squirrels.

"The tones of his voice are varied, and there is a great difference between his angry bark, his cry of fear, the chattering monologue with which he addresses an intruder on his domain, the running fire of repartee which is the constant accompaniment of the antics of a pair at play, and the long rattling roll call which he utters apparently from sheer enjoyment of the sound as a challenge to some unseen enemy of his own tribe. If we listen for an instant when we hear one of these challenges sent forth we may hear it answered from some distant point, so faintly that we cannot be certain that it is not an echo. Some male has heard the challenge, and, detecting the self-satisfied note in it, has answered, and we may be fairly certain that they are hastening toward each other.

"The Washington squirrels are almost tame, and therefore have no trouble in obtaining their necessities of life. The idea of peopling your parks and reservations with these denizens of the woods is a good one, and adds to the beauty and attractiveness of the city."

What is now Tennessee once bore another name, according to James S. Carter, of Knoxville, Tenn., who is at the Raleigh.

"Under the shadow of the Great Smoky Mountains, in that section of the South lying between Knoxville and Asheville, N. C., there once existed the State of Franklin, now lost alike to history and romance. All that remains in name at least to remind one of the vanished Commonwealth is the narrow, crooked-lined county of Sevier, in eastern Tennessee.

"The lost State of Franklin," continued Mr. Carter, "once formed in area and population an important part of the United States. It had its executive, legislative, and judicial departments, exercised governmental functions, maintained a respectable militia, flourished apace, and then, after a varied experience, completely disappeared from the 'sisterhood of States.' From historians the State of Franklin has received scant attention, and its identity with the State of Tennessee seems almost as mythical as that of Atlantis with the American continent. The State of Tennessee, as it exists today, was first known as the State of Franklin. For one year it was known as the 'Territory south of the Ohio,' and, in 1790, was officially designated as 'The Territory of Tennessee.'"

"The real reason for England's advance on Tibet at this time is the influence of high finance on the colonial policy of Great Britain," said Eugene Vivier, of Paris, at the Shoreham, last night, discussing the aspirations of England in Asia. "Travelers and explorers, in spite of the Tibetan authorities, have succeeded during the last decade in discovering the mineral wealth on 'the roof of the world.' Southwestern Tibet possesses rich gold deposits in considerable quantities. These places lie, roughly speaking, some 300 miles east of Simla, in British India.

"When expedition after expedition which had explored some region of the Hermit Kingdom returned to India with exciting stories of fresh discoveries of gold fields, the imagination of men of high finance—the natural collaborators of the British foreign office—was wrought to the highest pitch. There was therefore at the return of every exploring expedition an outburst of agitation, 'On to Lassa!' in the Anglo-Indian press. In order to justify the British policy in the eyes of the civilized world, there were invented and circulated wild stories of broken treaties, of Tibetan incursions and outrages of British subjects, of studied insults devised by Russian emissaries in Lassa and directed at the Indian government through the person of the Dalai Lhama. In 1903 the long-sought-for opportunity arrived. Russia was embroiled with Japan over the question of Korea and Manchuria, and China, whose territory, both in the East and the West, was the object of ambition of two great European powers, was powerless to protect her outlying provinces."

Richard I. O'Brien, of New York, a lawyer, who is here on business, said last night that the Democratic party has at least gained something by finally neutralizing the influence of W. J. Bryan.

"The Democratic party is on the way to emancipate itself from the tyranny and dominance of William Jennings Bryan," said Mr. O'Brien. "With all his fertile brain, Mr. Bryan was an incubus on the Democratic party, and prevented its success at the Presidential polls when chances seemed bright.

"The Democratic party has more available Presidential timber now than ever. There is Gaynor, of New York, a very efficient public servant, who has already made his mark, and has the confidence of Republican and Democrat alike. Then there is Gov. Harmon, of Ohio, who will strengthen his hold on the Democratic party if he is re-elected to his office. Then there are the governor of Indiana, Champ Clark, and others. At any rate, the next Democratic national convention will not be a Bryan house, and that is one thing to be thankful for."

Insult to Injury.

From the Cleveland Leader.

"How did Clarence come to get into a disgraceful fight with that camera fiend?"

"Well, you see, Clarence was walking in the park last Sunday with his fiancee, Miss Fryte. And whenever the lady got in range of the camera the man would snap it."

"And so Clarence objected?"

"Well, he spoke to the man about it. And the fellow answered that he wasn't taking her picture, but only closing the shutter when she passed, because the lens was too valuable to risk. Then Clarence got mad, and that's how it started."